

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF SENATOR HARDING ON THE LINKS

GIRL SHOOK RUG OUT WINDOW AND \$5,000 VANISHED

Money in Box and Kept Under Bath Tub, Life Savings of Father and Brothers.

KNEW SHE BROKE LAW.

Daughter Heard Something Hit Walk and Feared Neighbors Would Tell Police.

Antoinette Museo, fourteen years old, has known for a long time that it is against the law to shake rugs "out the window." But she did it, and it cost her father \$5,000.

The Museo family live in a flat on the second floor of No. 323 East 149th street. The father, Gaetano, and the two sons, John and Frank, all work in a piano factory and make good wages. The other two members of the family are Antoinette and her mother.

The three men kept their savings in a metal box because they were afraid there might be a panic some time and that the banks would not be safe. They kept the box under the tub in the bathroom.

Friday morning Antoinette and her mother were cleaning house. Mrs. Museo pulled out the box, dropped it in a rug and put it under the bed in the front room. Then, when her father was working in another room, Antoinette broke the law. She shook the rug "out the window" and heard something strike the sidewalk.

"I didn't dare look down to see what it was," she said, "because the neighbors would see me at the window and tell the police I shook the rug that way."

She jerked the rug back, rolled it up again, and thrust it under the bed. She did not tell her mother. It was not until the men came home and wanted to put some rugs away in the box that the loss was discovered—eight or nine hundred dollars.

So there is a pitiful "ad" in the East and West columns of "The World" this morning. It offers \$1,000 reward for the return of the box and contents.

"If all the money we have been able to save in a lifetime," the elder Museo said.

DRIVER ACCUSED OF KILLING TWO

Broken Headlight Leads to Arrest of Fennell on Charge of Running Down Women.

Thomas Fennell, chauffeur, No. 421 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, is held without bail in Gates Avenue Court on a charge of homicide, accused of running down Mrs. Catherine Freeman, No. 367 Cypress Avenue, Queens, and her daughter, Esther, in Putnam Avenue, Brooklyn, between Irving and Railroad Avenues, Friday night. They died in Kings County Hospital.

Patrolman Olsen noted the last three figures of the license number. Detectives found glass from a broken headlight and part of a broken crank at a garage at No. 415 Lexington Avenue. Fennell's car was found. Its crank was broken and a headlight was lacking a lens of the sort the detectives had reconstructed from the broken glass. He is held to have admitted "feeling a shock on hitting something."

Four persons were knocked down and hurled under a touring car at 116th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, but escaped serious injury. They were Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Rosenbaum of No. 251 West 143th Street, their daughter, Eliza, eleven, and another child, Violet Paradise, five, of No. 36 Bradhurst Avenue. After treatment by an ambulance surgeon, they went home.

George Davis, negro, of No. 239 West 62d Street, owner of the car, was arrested.

WOMAN HURLED TO DEATH BY AUTO

The body of a woman who was killed by an automobile while waiting for arolley car at the Manhattan, Queens, car terminal last night today was identified as that of Elizabeth Benholt, fifty-two years old, of Blooming Street, Brooklyn.

The identification was made by a Mrs. Donnelly, who said she and the dead woman worked together at the community room for children at No. 489 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn. She did not know the woman's house number.

Angelo Ravenetti, 45, a machinist, of No. 415 West 29th Street, Manhattan, owner and driver of the automobile, was arrested.

Held on Homicide Charge for Killing Woman.

Nicholas Marcantonia, chauffeur, No. 239 East 143d Street, was held to \$2,000 bail by Magistrate Tobias in Yorkville court today to await action of the grand jury on the charge of homicide. Marcantonia is alleged to have run down and killed Mrs. Sara Bedford, No. 349 Third Avenue, at 24th Street and Third Avenue, June 11. Mrs. Katherine Hamilton of No. 323 Third Avenue testified she was within a few feet of the accident and that the chauffeur had been drinking at high speed and failed to give any signal of warning.



Picking His Driver.



Putting.



Playing an Iron Shot.

HARDING AN IMPERTURBABLE GOLFER, DRIVES BALL STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW

(Continued from Page One.)

It may be assumed that he has some accurate notion of value in the game. He is the coolest, most imperturbable golfer I ever have been bracketed with as a partner. The constantly recurring reactions of the perplexing game never move him to impulsive displays of irritation or temper. His ball deep in bunker sand, in a foot-print oftentimes, the most aggravating problem to all golfers, means no more to him than a tightening of his grip on his niblick and an extra cull on his strength to extricate him from his difficulty.

NEITHER SEEKS NOR WELCOMES SYMPATHY.

He neither seeks nor welcomes sympathy. He plays the game, accepts its hazards with rare good grace, and plays to win with all the zest of a genuine golfer. He drives a long ball, good for a full 200 yards, and seven times out of ten it is as straight as an arrow toward the flag on the green. In driving he stands with legs far apart and feet square to the ball, a stance that would shock the pros, but in golf, as in everything else, results count. In wielding the masher, the bete noir of most golfers, he is really expert, and he will tell you with pride how he has pitched the tenth hole with a green entirely surrounded by deep sand bunkers and 135 yards away from the tee.

In putting—rolling the ball in the cup—he is fairly successful. There is no variation in stance from that which he follows with driver, brassie and iron. He builds so large that his stance really appears more awkward. "Putting," he commented, "is a state of mind. If your mind is full of business, you can't concentrate for an accurate putt. A few days ago my game was running beautifully, but on the green I could get nowhere. I couldn't understand it until I realized that my mind had been occupied for hours and was still occupied with a most important matter. I couldn't dislodge the subject and I lost."

The weakest feature of his game—which is the average game of the once or twice a week player, which frequently nets a score between 95 and 100—is with the niblick. "I can't dig out of the sand in the bunkers," he commented, after paying the inevitable penalty of a bad second shot for the green and sliding into a guarding trap. "Somehow or other I can't seem to dig deep enough to get

"I'VE GOT TO GET MORE OF IT," HE SAYS, SPEAKING ABOUT GOLF

Started, the Senator began briskly a history of his golf. "It's a great game, Tennant; a game that means health, good fellowship, self discipline and provides a very accurate test of character. Frankly, I believe I would have broken down without the recreation and exercise of golf. With the strain of the campaign coming on, I've got to get more of it. "But, Tennant, do you know the great excitement and thrill of my life? It is in my evening paper, in Marion, in the hour before the press

a newspaper and have time to belong to a golf club is an ideal combination. My newspaper and my golf course here are so far apart, with the busy Senatorial duties intervening, that I am far from realizing it."

BEGAN HIS PLAYING TWENTY YEARS AGO.

When did Harding begin to play golf? Twenty years ago, back in Marion, when the Ohio town started to grow from a 5,000 population. "We got ambitious," said the Senator. "I thought a growing place like Marion must be right up with the procession, everybody chipped in (chipped is not a golf term) and started a nine-hole course. Later we developed this into a full 18 holes. We had no professional and we did the best we could. But I have never given it up for a day. Playing fairly good now, with off days now and then. Without bragging (getting into familiar golf vernacular), I've really shot a 42 several times on the first nine, not lately though; guess you can understand that I have not been entirely free of worries."

The Senator showed keen interest in golf stories. He laughed heartily over that about the disconsolate Sandy who was noticed fondling an old driver as he sat on the porch of his home. "What's all your trouble, Sandy? Have you lost any of your folks?" "No, mon, but the old driver is about gone. We have had it in the family for fifty years. A good old stick. And, do you mind, it's had three new shafts and two new heads." "Always liked Scotch stories," he remarked. "Have told several with great effect, in public speeches. Have always wished I could catch the burr, which gives the needed touch to bring out fully the points. The best Scotch story I ever heard I attempted to tell to an audience in Somerville, N. J., when I went over to help my friend Edge in his campaign. I missed fire because the Scotch burr was not in it. Possibly you have heard it. Two Scotch Highlanders were in a trench, in the foremost lines. Sandy was pulling away on a stubby black pipe which refused to stay lit.

"You're not enjoying yer smoke as you uster, Sappie," ventured Angus. "What be the trouble?" "I'll tell yer, Angus, mon, when I'm using me own tobacco I worry about the coal, and when I'm using someone else's I pack me pipe so tight it will na draw."

TROUSERS WERE BAGGY AT THE KNEES.

Reaching Chevy Chase, Senator Elkins of West Virginia, looking far too young to find congenial companionship in the old fogey upper branch of Congress, was found dressed for the fray. Col. Craigie got into some borrowed plumage provided by the able Thompson, the colored locker boy. Senator Harding shook his cool mahair suit of black, the trousers, I will say, baggy at the knees than any Tom Reid in the old days delighted in wearing, and within five minutes was arranging for the caddies. As we approached the first tee, the Senator inquired: "How are you going to putt off, boy? Davis, you play a good game. So do you, Craigie. How about you, Tennant?"

I permitted myself a little bragging that I wouldn't care to have my Shackamaxon and Wykagyl friends hear. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said the Senator. "Let the two righteous editors play the politicians. He didn't say unrighteous politicians. And so Senator Harding and I played as partners. And now, good Baptists and others not initiated into the mysterious of

golf and its fascinations, I must record that as we stepped to the first tee, the Senator, following the time-honored formula, asked quite matter of factly:

"A two-ball Nassau, boys? Two out, two in, and two on the match. And I suppose we play the usual birdies, eagles and buzzards? Tennant, we play these (irrespective of the score card) what the hole should be made in according to perfect golf). They are figured on the scores of the players. If a player makes a hole in one less than that of the score of the next highest we call it a birdie. It calls for a ball from each of the other three players. An eagle is playing the hole in two less and calls for a two ball penalty, and a buzzard in three less calls for a three ball penalty. Rather stiff, I'll tell The Evening World."

WHILES THE BALL FOR 175 YARDS.

And so the game started. The Senator took a couple of preparatory swings, full swings, too, and then whaled the ball for 175 yards, to the knoll, which meant a masher pitch to the green. He used a broad-faced, dreadnaught type of driver. There was a smile on the Senator's face and a boyish twinkle in his eyes. "It's a doctail hole, Tennant, with a bend to the left beyond the knoll," he advised, as I started to drive. I sliced into a bunker, but the Senator was there with the optimistic comment, music to the ears of the golfer: "Easy to get out. You can reach the green with your niblick. Elkins was a trifle flustered and his drive flew into the rough. Craigie had no better success.

"Look's like bringing home the bacon," commented the Senator. His second shot took him to the green, hole high, and he sunk his putt for a 4, winning an eagle. Not bad for a fifty-four-year old. Pete O'Hara, Albe Smith or Gil Nichols could not have pitched more accurately as to distance and position.

The second hole—300 yards across country—found the Senator in trouble on his drive, his ball dropping into rank, wiry grass. Senator Elkins

ventured the sly comment: "Doesn't look like bringing home the bacon. You started off too well, Mr. President." Elkins referred to Senator Harding as President throughout the game without notice by the unruffled candidate. Harding went back into the knee-high grass and poked his ball with a masher for 75 yards. But Elkins was on the green and with an easy putt won the hole with a birdie.

AND HERE CRAIGIE WINS A BIRDIE.

The third—a beautiful reach of 400 yards of fairway sloping up toward the Potomac and the pines on the Virginia shore. Here Craigie, the silent, on his second sent a splendid iron from the edge of the rough to within a short approach of the cup. He was down in five put, and won a birdie.

"Overplaying himself, Tennant," said the Senator. Goat-getting satire of the golf course.

The fourth hole was a tricky finger or masher across rough—145 yards—to a green faced with bunkers. The Senator got under his ball and popped it in the air. It was in pretty stiff rough. "Just a little pitch to the green," he remarked quietly. "Then, topping them of late, and I am dipping in too deep trying to overcome it."

Elkins slugged his ball past the hole with a disheartening dig-out to come back to the green. Craigie fell into the weeds and long grass close to the Senator's ball. Harding shot his masher niblick into the soil and rooted out the ball, landing it on the green. All down in 1, one over par.

SENATOR'S GOLF METTLE PUT TO TEST.

On the fifth hole—270 yards—a treacherous reach with saw traps on both sides and bunkers before the green, the Senator's mettle as a golfer had a thorough test. Into the rough and into water shot his ball on the first and second shots. Not a word of comment on either shot. He poked around in the grass for several minutes to locate the ball after the first poke. It was covered with weeds.

"Let's line up," he advised. "We'll find it." Caddies and players thrashed aside the grass and sure enough the "olive rubber sphere was found nestled under a twisted tangle of weeds that had been trampled upon. "Don't like to lose a ball," he said, as he prepared a 9. I cast for the green. "Kinder to the interest of the game. There's a lot of encouragement in finding that after all you can play your ball how bad the lie may be." The second shot was a tragedy—it dropped into a ditch with running water. Not content with the ragged edge of a stone and lighting a cigarette stepped into the ditch. The third—reached the green and he remarked as he holed out three above par: "Nothing like plugging along. It's a great game of steady plugging. Elkins could not forego a bit of it."

intended as an aside: "The President should have the movie man along today." Harding overheard, but he passed it off, although it did seem as though he puffed more vigorously at the cigarette.

COMES BACK WITH A SLASHING DRIVE.

He came back gallantly on the sixth—275 yards—with a slashing drive and finished with a five and an eagle, the second in six holes, to his

credit. I got an eagle on the seventh, and the Senator scored a birdie on the eighth—290 yards—with a snappy six. As we were leaving this green a woman playing in a twosome following pitched from behind a knoll, her ball reaching the green and striking the Senator's foot. The course of the ball was deflected toward the cup. "You'll catch it," remarked Senator Elkins, "wait until the young woman comes on."

"Well, it's nearer the hole isn't it?" Harding, shifting his stance, drew

replied the Senator, "and I believe in being women in golf?" The ninth—235 yards—as velvet a stretch of green as you will find anywhere on this side of the Atlantic.

"There's a standing rule about this hole," commented the Senator. "Any player making it in par is entitled to two balls from each of the contending players. I've made it once or twice. Some little wagering on a par three-hole."

"Once or twice is right," avowed Elkins, "but not to-day."

HARDING MAKES DAY'S PRETTIEST DRIVE.

The Senator answered with his prettiest drive of the day—200 yards as straight toward the flag as a shot from a rifle. The Senator made no comment; just bit into a fresh stogie. Col. Seabey, who had been following as gallery, remarked that he hadn't the heart to watch further the slaughter of Elkins and Craigie. Elkins popped into the grass 15 feet from the tee, and funnily enough Craigie provided an exact duplicate of the shot. The Senator barely missed a three. We won the hole and had our opponents four down.

Coming in on the second nine, the tenth hole—a patch of 115 yards—furnished the rockiest of the course. Bunkers everywhere, encircling the entire green. My pitch rolled into a bunker at the left, the Senator's dropping 50 yards from the green. He dubbed his second and third shot and in fact missed up the hole.

"I guess I'm scrooging across too much, getting off balance," explained the candidate. I whaled into the sand with a niblick, sent the ball out in a shower of dirt, dropping it within three feet of the cup.

WEAK WITH THE NIBLICK, HE ADMITS.

"That's golf," commented the Senator. "A man who has the confidence to put his whole strength into a niblick like that knows something about the game. That's where I'm weak. Got to let some professional take hold of me with that club."

Elkins got a birdie on the twelfth and the Senator by steady playing scored another on the thirteenth—195 yards. "When I'm playing in good form I make this in par three," said the Senator. He didn't get a three but a four and won another birdie. The fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth are passed over in silence, but on the seventeenth Elkins returned to life and put another birdie to his account. Harding and partner had Elkins and partner, Craigie still silent—silent as Charles Murphy and just as good a politician as Murphy. I am advised—two down on the second nine.

"Walking to the eighteenth," Elkins tauntingly remarked. "If we had nine more to go we'd show you."

Harding, shifting his stogie, drew

MURPHY REPORTED FOR WET PLANK

Bourke Cockran Said to Have Been Chosen to Lead Fight at San Francisco.

CHICAGO, June 21.—Charles F. Murphy, "boss" of Tammany Hall, is on his way to San Francisco prepared, it is reported, to go "the limit" for a "wet plank."

With him is Gay Smith, Chairman of the New York State delegation of money. They left Chicago last night and are due in the convention city on Wednesday afternoon.

Bourke Cockran is to be the New York member of the resolutions committee. It is said, and will make its fight against Prohibition.

Drowned Trying to Retrieve Drifting Boat.

LAKE HOPATCONG, N. J., June 21.—While trying to retrieve a boat that was drifting from its mooring, John Sawyer, nineteen, of No. 14 Vanderpool street, Newark, N. J., was drowned late yesterday. He was camping at Silver Spring Park.

out this challenge: "If you guys feel so cheery, let's carry out the tradition of the hole. You know what it is, Elkins. The cost of the caddies is the loser's end. How about that Tennant?" I nodded.

Elkins accepted and the finish battle was on. Elkins dubbed his shot, and Craigie didn't improve their chances perceptibly. The Senator took a full swing, perfectly timed, and away the ball sailed for a full 200 yards. He was plainly pleased.

"I put the breeze into that," he remarked. "Now for your shot, Tennant."

WON THE NASSAU AND CADDIE COST.

We made five and our opponents six. We had won the Nassau and the cost of the caddies.

"Is Harding a regular fellow? I'll say he is. The G. in his name stands for Golf, not Gamalial."

It was about dark when we reached the locker house to shed our golf togethery. He asked the time, and when told it was 8.10 he repeated the oft-heard formula of the golf husband and wife who has forgotten the dinner hour at home and who realizes the oft-heard greeting in store for him on his return: "Let's hurry, boys. I'm forty minutes past my dinner time and I've got guests. Come on, Elkins; speed up, Craigie, and Tennant, you have got to come home with me to square matters."

Thanking him for his kindness, I replied that I was returning to New York by an early train.

MRS. HARDING SINGS PRAISE OF GOLF.

I am quite certain that if the wives of all golf husbands were so charmingly forbearing as Mrs. Harding, golf would become even more popular in home circles. Mrs. Harding was sincerely interested in her husband's golf, asked how well he had played, had he won, had he beaten Craigie and Senator Elkins. During the dinner she made frequent comments to me on health values in the game, and expressed the wish that the Senator could find more time for it.

"I had done a lot for the Senator," she said. "If he would only get out every day, even for only nine holes, it would give him plenty of strength for the campaign ahead. We will wait dinner every night, gladly if he will only play golf."

As I was leaving, the Senator added to Mrs. Harding's hope: "Golf is going to keep me from the doctors until this campaign is through. If you discover any better recipe for pre-dinner health, send it along. But I don't think you will."

And yet in Scotland, several centuries ago, a King, who preferred shooting grouse to shooting golf, is said to have pronounced that "it is evident that in no place of the realm there be golf and other sports."

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